

## Ireland and the Census

FOR seventy years there has been a progressive decrease in Ireland's population. In 1801 the Irish figures showed a population of 5,320,000. In 1911 the population was 4,319,219, barely 50 per cent of what it was in 1841.



## Magazine Page



## This Day in Our History

THIS is the anniversary of the death, in 1801, of Benedict Arnold, the traitor who tried to deliver West Point to the British. After his flight to the English, he was ostracized by all men, including those to whom he sold himself.

## THE WILD GOOSE BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

A Dramatic Story of a Devoted Husband Who Discovers His Wife is in Love With Another Man and Battles to Keep Her Love

This story has been made into a motion picture by Cosmopolitan Productions under the masterly direction of Albert Capellani and is released as a Paramount picture.

## By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "His Daughter," "When My Ship Comes In," "The Seven Darlings," and Other Notable Fiction.

DIANA and her husband reached their apartment a few minutes before the time at which Fenn had promised to meet them there, and because the place was small and the partitions thin, Hilda, Diana's maid, was at once dispatched upon an interminable round of errands. Diana had made out the list on the train.

"How are we going to stage-manage this affair?" Manners asked. "Do we both see Fenn at once, or do you see him first, or do I?" He spoke laughingly, and Diana, keen and full of life at the immediate prospect of seeing her lover, and hearing the sound of the voice that had grown so dear, laughingly answered:

"Oh," she said, "I'll let him in and turn him over to you, and then I'll go in the front room and twiddle my thumbs till I'm sent for. And then I suppose he'll want to see me alone."

At this moment the doorbell rang, and Diana darted into the hall with an eagerness that stabbed her husband like a knife. He heard the sound of the door opening and of their mingled voices. And then there was a silence. And Manners knew as surely as if God had told him that during the silence his wife was giving her lips to another man. He had anticipated no such out-

## The Story So Far

Frank Manners, an artist of reputation, is doing some work for a rich woman in California. He has always been devotedly attached to his wife, Diana. He reads over her letters of the last few months and feels that she is neglecting their small daughter. He decides to go East without letting Diana know beforehand. On train he meets a hunter who tells him a tale of a wild goose. When Manners arrives home he meets Ogden Fenn, the man with whom Diana is in love. He is keenly disappointed in Diana's conduct and in her coldness toward him, but finds much joy in the love of his daughter, Tam. He tries to find out what is troubling Diana, and she finally tells him she is in love with Ogden Fenn.

ragous breach of good manners and of common decency. And the imperturbable calm of which he imagined himself to be possessed was darkly and almost violently ruffled.

## No Evidence of Embarrassment.

During the next half hour Manners found himself looking off at Fenn's mouth than at any other part of him. But he made no outward manifestation of his real feelings. He seemed more like a good friend of Diana's than her outraged husband.

Manners began the interview with a smile and an offer of cigarettes. At the same time he said:

"I hope you are not as embarrassed as I am."

Fenn gave no evidence of embarrassment, though he felt him to be in an exceedingly trying situation. He accepted a cigarette, gave thanks for it, and lighted it. He was a taller, better-proportioned and altogether a more significant

man than Manners had thought. He had a good nose and very fine teeth. Like most men who have been brought up in the West, he was a shade too well dressed. The shyness and lack of ease which he had showed at their first meeting seemed to have been of the moment. His voice and his whole manner were very easy now and very quiet.

"I'm distressed by what has happened," said Manners. "But I should not be honest if I said that I was surprised. You are not my wife's first affair."

## Not Consistent.

"She has told me," said Fenn. "And that being the case, I am not as badly frightened as I might be. My wife will get over this."

Fenn said nothing. "Before," said Manners, "having no precedent to go on, I insisted on a sudden and drastic separation. I said that they mustn't see, each other any more or communicate. Diana demanded one final interview (women always do, I imagine), and, of course, I had to give in to that. I imagine, but I am not sure, that Diana asked the man to run away with her, and that he, having some faint residue of common sense, and some faint regard for the integrity of his skip, refused. Anyway, they said good-by. And three months later the love that Diana had had for that man was as dead as a doornail. But she had tasted liberty, and since that time she has not been a very satisfactory wife. But she has been a good mother."

"She hasn't been consistent in her loves or in her friendships. Those come and go. But she has been a mighty good mother, and a wise mother. That is the one



Diana and Ogden Fenn Take Tam With Them on an Outing. Scene From the New Film Drama, "The Wild Goose."

trait in Diana which we have any reason to believe permanent. She will get over caring for you, just as she got over caring for me,

and just as she got over caring for the other fellow. This is not open to argument. If she stops seeing you, she will forget all

about you. I have been in love with her twenty years, ever since she was a little girl. I have lived with her for ten years, and

Motion Pictures of This Splendid Serial Will Be Shown Here Soon At the Leading Theaters

I know what I am talking about." "I hope," said Fenn very quietly, "that you are not going to tell me that I mustn't see her any more. She is very unhappy and her nerves are in very bad shape. It isn't easy for her to hurt you."

"I am not going to tell anybody to do anything. I want this affair to die, of course, and the sooner the better. But I am not going to kill it. I made that mistake the other time. There is no need of repeating that mistake. Diana's feeling for you is too violent. It will die of exhaustion."

Fenn made no comment, but he looked a little skeptical.

"If it doesn't die of its own accord, why you, of course, are the person who must kill it. I take it for granted that you are not thinking of myself, and that what we want is Diana's happiness."

"I have said right along that I thought Diana's best chance of happiness was to stick by you and Tam."

"That is why I count on you to do what is best for her, without considering yourself." "I am very grateful to you for taking all this so sensibly and calmly. Your position isn't at all pleasant."

"The first time I was in this position, I thought almost entirely in terms of pistols. But the other fellow, you see, had taken Diana's love from me. You haven't done that. I had already lost it when you came along. Still, you have taken a good deal. I think she never stopped being fond of me."

"She is fond of you, and she admires you more than anyone."

## In Terms of Pistols.

"That ought to be enough, after ten years, for a wife whose husband is still in love with her, and who has always been faithful to her in word and deed. But it doesn't seem to be. I may count on you, then?"

"I will do anything in my power to make Diana happy."

"So will I. But at the moment I'm not in the running. There is nothing that I can do. I have to go back to California to finish some work. I shall have to be off-stage for some time; but I shall try to be tolerant and kind. You will have to be the real god out of the machine. I shan't make any rules about your seeing each other. I couldn't if I wanted to. You must use your own judgment about that. But since you agree that Diana's best chance of ultimate happiness is with Tam and me, you'll arrange to see less and less of her, and even if you don't cool toward her, you'll pretend to. Is that right?"

Cosmopolitan, 1214, International Magazine Co. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## FOR LOVE By Ruby M. Ayres

I had succeeded, too, up to a point. Philip had felt pretty sick with himself as he saw her fall from the chair. He had felt pretty sick, too, as he lifted her in his arms and carried her out of the room. For quite five minutes he had been convinced that he had broken her heart and half killed her by his faithlessness.

He had even been so utterly foolish as to drop a remorseful kiss on her golden hair when he thought nobody was looking, and had stood by in an agony of fear till she opened her eyes and looked—with deliberate intent, so it seemed—straight at him.

And that look had sown the seed of doubt in his mind. The more he thought of it, the more sure he was that the whole faint had been put on, and young Waterdick hated shame and artificialities.

Was there nothing genuine in the whole of her dainty composition he wondered. Had he just been an easy fool, caught by her eyes and her smile and her pretty voice?

He thought of Eva in comparison with relief and gratitude; and during the evening Calligan had unconsciously fanned the flame of his feeling for her into something greater.

Then had followed that moment of jealousy when she had refused to answer his question in the car, and then he had kissed her, and then... here he shied away from what he had thought then. Though he was alone and it was dark, he colored hotly at the memory of that moment. He felt that the night had myriads of inquisitive eyes, all of which were looking at him. He drove the rest of the way at a terrific pace.

Calligan and Mr. Waterdick and several other men who were staying in the house were waiting up for him when he got back. Apparently there was still more champagne to be consumed, and Philip was immediately presented with a glass of it.

Across the room he met his father's eyes. "Your health, my boy," said the old man.

Philip hesitated; then he raised his glass. "To the best woman in the world," he said.

There was a sound of wheels on a gravel path and a little flutter of excitement swept through the crowded church. Faces turned backward toward the open door. There was a perturbed rustle of silken skirts.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaelis  
Summer Vacations.

AT our house were planning tours through many States, eagerly were scanning all vacation rates. Wife wanted California. I would fish in Maine, daughter says: "I warn you, I'm no country jame! I have not been signing for the timber land, that's not why I'm buying hats and hose and all. Not for me in the places quiet as Pea Ridge; give me auto races and some jazz and bridge!"

Scenery is wife's passion; she would sit and muse (when it's quite the fashion) on the proper view. So she wonders only: "Will our set all go? Rockies would be lonely, with just ice and snow! When you drive, it's terrific; camping is passe; still it would be horrid not to go away!"

Sister's sewing madly, saying: "Goodness knows! I'll need vacation badly when I've made my clothes!"

Stacked on chairs and tables everywhere I look, folders of Gray Gables or of Meadow Brook; lots of wild comotion, numberless disputes, talking of the ocean or of mountain routes. But our Billy only doesn't join in; seems he would be lonely far from closest kin. Yet, while we're debating, he's off to the willow's bough, while he ride on Dobbin, driving home the cows. Where the water's brimming by the big oak's hole, I can go in swimming, at the swimming hole!

Though we doubt andicker, choosing east or west, Bill's the champion picker, his vacation's best.

Advice to the Lovelorn  
By Beatrice Fairfax  
LOOK FOR SOMEONE ELSE.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

There is a young man with whom I am very much infatuated. He sings tenor in a quartette of which I am a member, and at one time he paid a great deal of attention to me.

Recently a stranger has been attending the same church and the young man has turned his attention to her. Will you please tell me what I do to win him back?

YOUR SUBSCRIBER.

Just continue to be your dear, sweet self, and if he won't be won back, he just won't, and that's all there is to it. In which case look around for someone else.

EMBARRASSMENT—

Financially need not prevent your having your picture taken at the PAINE STUDIO.

Price to Fit The Small Purse.

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ANGEL FOOD CAKE.

Whites of ten eggs.  
1½ cups of sugar.  
1 cup of flour.  
½ teaspoon of cream of tartar.  
1 teaspoon of vanilla.

Bake in moderate oven, increasing heat last fifteen minutes, for one hour.—Alleyne Schellin, 1940 Biltmore street.

REAL WHITE CAKE.

One-half cup of butter.  
One cup of sugar.  
Two cups of flour.  
Three teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Three egg whites.  
Two-thirds cupful of milk.  
One-half teaspoon of flavoring.  
Bake in moderate oven forty minutes.—Alleyne Schellin, 1940 Biltmore street.

ORANGE CREAM CAKE.

2 eggs.  
1½ cups sugar (granulated).  
scant ½ cup nut butter.  
2 cups flour, sifted, with 2 level teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

## When a Girl Marries

AN ABSORBING SERIAL OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE.

By Ann Lisle  
Whose Present Serial Has Won a Nation-Wide Success.

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E don't know that any one actually shot your brother," said Miss Rathbun uneasily in answer to my frightened plea for information concerning Neal's assailant and his motives. "He might just have been cleaning a gun when it went off. Those things do happen."

It wouldn't be possible to live through the day without knowing how the dear had been doing. But there was another anxiety gnawing at my heart. How had Neal come by his wound? Self-inflicted it wasn't. Neal would never handle firearms so carefully that he'd get an accidental wound.

Some person had shot Neal! But who? And why?

When Miss Rathbun came to tell me it was lunch time she suggested that it would be wise to have my luncheon in bed and to take the extra rest to make up for my recklessness in sneaking downstairs.

"I'm hungry, too," I announced. "Bring me a nice, hearty lunch and I'll eat very crumb, so you can have the credit for that when your doctor man comes."

Miss Rathbun preened and stretched like a cat rising from the hearting to descend on a saucer of cream. Then, with an air of great cleverness, she said:

"And you'll promise not to go snooping downstairs if I leave you for a minute?" she asked.

"I won't do a single silly, underhanded, despicable thing," I replied, laughing gaily.

So luncheon passed off pleasantly. I said nothing about Neal, and Miss Rathbun seemed to take it for granted that I was enough of an invalid to be so absorbed in myself that I'd forgotten all about my brother. When we began to dress in preparation for the doctor's coming I shivered a bit.

"Cold, dear?" asked the nurse anxiously. "Maybe you'd better stay in bed."

"Oh, no, that will never do; your doctor man would think I wasn't better. And then he'd lose faith in his nurse," said I. "But wouldn't it be a good idea to let me wear some warm underthings? I'm not anxious to look pale and interesting, you know. I don't want to vamp another girl's man."

Thus pleasantly flattered and reassured Miss Rathbun let me have all my undergarments, instead of expecting me to sit up clad only in a nightgown and a negligee.

"Shoes, too, and stockings," I begged. "My feet get so cold in my little mules. I'd love to try a dress, too—and look matter of fact and businesslike."

"I'm game," said the nurse, smiling at my childishness.

So when the doctor came I was dressed like any healthy, normal creature. And the very first thing I did after greeting him was to call his attention to it.

"See, doctor, the patient is a big girl now—up and dressed like regular folks. And, oh, how she'd like a breath of air! But I suppose I can't have that, since Bertha tells me the car has gone up to the city."

Miss Rathbun opened her lips to protest at my duplicity. Bertha hadn't told me anything about the car. I'd figured it out from the facts in the case. But how could the nurse tell the doctor she adored that she'd been careless enough to let me discover the very thing he was trying to keep from me?

"Suppose I take you for a drive in my little sedan," suggested the doctor, gallantly.

"Oh, no, you mustn't do that, Roger!" cried Miss Rathbun.

Her cheeks flushed and her eyes grew wide and dark. The watchful beauty noticed once or twice before swept across her face for a moment. The doctor stood staring at her with an expression I could not read. Then in a voice unimpaired by his coldness he said:

"Indeed! Since when do you direct my treatment of patients, Miss Rathbun? Please get a warm coat and a hat for Mrs. Harrison. I'm going to take her out for an airing."

(To Be Continued Thursday.)

## ANECDOTES OF FAMOUS

ALTHOUGH the love of Dante for Beatrice often is quoted as a type of earthly attachment, both fine and rare, both Dante and Beatrice married others. Dante having four children by his wife, Beatrice died when she was twenty-four. In all the poet saw her but three or four times in his life, the first time when she was eight.

He never wooed her or dreamed of marrying her. She was to him merely a symbol for everything that was good and beautiful, and this symbolizing began when the two were children and the grave youth was taken to her father's house by his own parents on a visit. That she cared anything for him beyond a careless friendship or the careless regard one has for a seldom-met acquaintance is doubtful.

Her full name was Beatrice Portinari, and she died in 1290, Dante taking a wife two years later. In speaking of her, Dante said: "I saw her at about the end of my ninth year. Her dress on that day was of a most noble color, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited with her tender age. At that moment I saw most truly that the spirit of life which hath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body began to shake therewith."

## Cause of Breakdowns

NEARLY ALWAYS DUE TO BAD HYGIENE

By Brice Belden, M. D.

PEOPLE who are more or less chronically tired usually have an idea that their condition is due to overwork. People who suffer from what they call overwork are practically always the victims, not of work, but of bad air, improper diet, poisoning, or worry. By poisoning we, of course, mean the effect of tea, coffee, tobacco, or alcohol abuse, or auto-intoxication.

The young people who think that they have injured their health through study and middle-aged people who imagine that their breakdowns have been brought about by overwork are common examples of the popular delusion under discussion. The trouble with such persons is that their working capacity has been enormously reduced by such factors as lack of exercise, overeating, intestinal sluggishness, or some drug or worry.

When people live hygienically their working capacity is multiplied many times. So-called breakdowns are nearly always due to bad hygiene, the system having to exert itself so greatly in order to resist the evil influences which we have mentioned that any work seems too great an additional burden.

It is this error which causes one person to give up tobacco smoking, and another coffee, when

what is really needed is an all-round, well-balanced reformation of one's personal hygiene. Merely to turn vegetarian, or teetotaler, or golfer, or outdoor sleeper, may be to make only one correction in the daily order of life, when quite a number of changes are called for.

All that has been said applies with equal force to the resisting of colds and other infections as well as to the prevention of breakdowns from so-called overwork.

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WET the hair thoroughly with clean, warm water; next apply two or three

teaspoonfuls of Miller's Coconut Shampoo Oil. Now rub briskly over the scalp and as the rich lather comes frothing forth, collect ALL of the hair to the top of the head and continue working the creamy lather into every part of the hair. Rub briskly and thoroughly, using the tips of the fingers to rub the scalp, loosen dandruff and particles of dirt that may stick close to the roots of the hair.

Miller's Coconut Shampoo Oil is a product made by the Miller Laboratories after years of experimenting and practical application. It is the kind used in all Miller Barber Shops, where it is now used extensively. It is just rich enough in coconut oil to make it very beneficial to the scalp and hair.

Use Miller's Coconut Shampoo Oil for a month and notice how it improves the beauty of your hair. It comes in 8-ounce bottles—twice as much as the ordinary shampoo oil offers, and sells for only 75c. So from the standpoint of value it is also appealing. Bear in mind that Miller's Coconut Shampoo Oil is the kind used in all Miller Barber Shops. It is the BEST that money can make, naturally.

Get a bottle today at any store of THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORES or any MILLER BARBER SHOP.

Rinse Thoroughly

In warm water. This is very important. Three changes of warm water will not be too much. After every bit of the lather has been rinsed, wring the hair and rub briskly with a heavy Turkish towel. After the hair is thoroughly dry crush it until it fluffs and ends.

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It happened when oxen were used for sacrifice only. A bit fell from the altar. Pygmalion picked it up and returned it—then touched his fingers to his lips. That was the beginning—it makes you today ask for

**SWINDELL'S CHIPPED BEEF**

A food ideal for out-of-door sandwich feasts. Crackers, bread or rolls are enhanced by the rich beef flavor. The cleanly, inviting packages, ¼ and ½-lb. size, can be tucked into picnic baskets for cold cut use or garnish for salads as well. No fat, no bone, no waste—which is why it is

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**More Prize Cake Recipes**

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1 cup of flour.  
½ teaspoon of cream of tartar.  
1 teaspoon of vanilla.  
Bake in moderate oven, increasing heat last fifteen minutes, for one hour.—Alleyne Schellin, 1940 Biltmore street.

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Two cups of flour.  
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1½ cups sugar (granulated).  
scant ½ cup nut butter.  
2 cups flour, sifted, with 2 level teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

**1 teaspoon of vanilla**  
¾ cup milk.  
Cream butter and sugar, add yolks of eggs well beaten, then milk and flour alternately—last, fold in beaten whites—bake about twenty minutes in moderate oven.

**CREAM FOR FILLING.**  
Juice of one orange, also grated rind, tablespoon of lemon juice, fill up cup with water; ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon of flour, 1 egg beat light. Cook in double boiler till thick.—Mrs. E. T. McCarthy, 322 A street southeast.

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